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A negro running a "perambulating
saloon," and dispensing strictly
"straight" goods in the streets of At-
lanta, Ga., has fallen into the clutches
of the law.

HELEN LAKEMAN;
—OR—
The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURKIN.
AUTHOR OF "THE BAKER OF EDINBURGH,"
"WALKER BROWNE," ETC.
(Copyright, 1886, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.
"We are now willing your Honor,"
said Mr. Layman, "to risk this case
with you."

The justice was smiling a smile
which was rather dangerous to the
prosecution.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "this
certainly puts a new feature on the
case. I shall be compelled to discharge
the defendant."

Mrs. Arnold, to her credit be it said,
arose and was first to grasp Helen's
hand and congratulate her.

"Helen, my dear, forgive us for the
great wrong we have done you."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Arnold, for I, too,
have done you a wrong by accusing
you, in my mind, of knowingly per-
secuting me."

"I think that you allow me a forgive-
ness, or a good kicking, I'm not certain
which," said Pete, lighting his pipe.
"It seems it all grew out of one of my
stupidities. But I'll make amends for
it, and I'll make amends for it all."

"At this moment, Clarence burst into
the room.

"Squire!" he cried, "this girl must
go to our house. Her brother is dy-
ing."

"She is at liberty to go where she
pleases," said the justice.

"Let me take her," said Warren.

"Warren! What are you here for?"
cried Clarence. "Great goodness! but
this is lucky."

"Did you bring your horse and
buggy?"

"Yes."

Warren then spoke a word to Helen,
whose pale face grew sad. She took
her arm, and they left the court room.

All defiance left the face of Helen
Arnold as she saw Helen led triumphantly
away by Warren Stuart.

CHAPTER XXIV.
CONCLUSION.

Warren and Helen spoke but few
words on the drive. They both felt
that it was a drive to the scene of
death, and both were uttering silent
prayers for strength to bear up under
the coming trial.

The old farm house in sight. Rose
stands at the gate looking patiently
down the long road. She evinces no
surprise at seeing her brother and Helen.
Her face shows traces of weeping.

The father meets them at the door.
No word is spoken, but they are con-
ducted at once to the chamber of
death.

Mrs. Stuart arises from the bed where
she has just completed the sad task of
straightening out the little limbs and
closing those eyelids forever.

The hired girl pauses by the bed-side,
and gazes for a moment on the sweet
face of her little dead brother. There
is a smile upon his face, and Mrs.
Stuart says the last words he uttered
were: "Yes, mother, I come—I come!"

Tears again flow down Helen's cheek;
they were not the tears of despair, but
sadness and joy.

He suffers no longer. He had gone
to the world of eternal peace and
rest. He was now in the arms of his
mother, in that Celestial City not made
with hands.

Was this death? No, though we call
it death. A change is a far better
term. Was this an act of Providence?
We poor, short-sighted mortals are apt
to criticize the acts of Almighty God.

The language of Job was in Helen's
mind.

"Is there not an appointed time for
man upon earth? Are not his days also
like the days of a hireling? As a ser-
vant earnestly desireth the shadow, and
as a hireling looketh for the reward of
his work," Job VII, 1st and 2d.

"Off! make thyself shall he live again?"
All the days of my appointed time will
I wait till my change come," Job XIV,
14th.

Yes, little Amos, did live again. His
change had come, and her heart told
her it was better for him.



DEATH OF AMOS.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart did all they
could to console poor Helen. Brother
Blaze, the minister, came.

Oh, what a world of consolation is a
good pastor in the hour of sorrow and
death. Who can speak such words of
comfort as the man of God?

"Suffer little children to come unto
me and forbid them not, for of such is
the Kingdom of Heaven," he said to the
fair mourner.

Mrs. Arnold and her husband sent
regrets and words of comfort to Helen,
but deemed it best not to attend the
funeral. Pete, the peddler, came, and
offered the best of his stock for burial
clothes. Rose Stuart was Helen's dearest
comforter, not even excepting Warren,
who found himself placed in such a
strange position that he could offer but
little consolation.

The only satisfaction
Clarence had, was that he had
thrashed Bill Jones, "the destroyer of
that child's life."

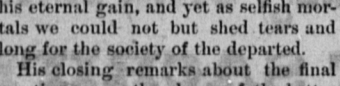
The funeral was set for an early day.

Rev. Blaze took for his text "The
Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away;
blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sermon was not noted for elo-
quence or rhetoric, but it was full of
hope and cheer. He did not, as many
ministers do, preach all round the sub-
ject, but right at it. He said the body
lying before them was only the casket
which had contained little Amos, but
that he had left this frail tenement of
clay, and was now with his parents in
the eternal home where night never
comes. There was no cause for weep-
ing, it was the change of which Job
spoke. That which was our loss was
his eternal gain, and yet as selfish mortals
we could not but shed tears and
long for the society of the departed.

His closing remarks about the final
meeting upon the shores of the better
land, where friends and relatives among
that angel band would greet us with
loud hosannas, was so stirring as to
cause many sobs of tender sympathy
and hope, and there we would find
the little boy no longer a corpse, but one of
the fairest and brightest of all that an-
gelic host.

When the sermon (which was
preached in the school-house) was
over, the pall-bearers, six bright little
boys, carried the coffin out, and it was
placed in the hearse. Then a long
string of vehicles, persons on horse



back and on foot followed to the
neighborhood burying-ground, where
the father and mother of the child were
buried. There he was laid away by
their side to rest till the resurrection
morn.

Helen returned home with Rose. She
as yet knew nothing of the discovery
on her wild lands, and of the good
fortune which was to befall her, sup-
posing herself still poor and de-
pendent upon her labors, she, the next
morning after the funeral, announced
her intention of once more going out
into the world to seek employment.

Warren asked her to come with him
in the parlor, and when alone he said:
"Helen, a few weeks ago we were be-
trothed in the sight of Heaven, I loved
you, then I love you ten times more
now, but I am for the present going to
request that our betrothal vows be se-
vered. I am not worthy of you now."

Trembling with strange emotions she
consented that his proposal be with-
drawn.

"Now," Warren went on, "we are
free to go where we will, and choose
whom we may, are we not?"

"Yes," she answered, sadly.

"When I avowed my love and pro-
posed marriage, you were poor. I
loved you the rich and now you are
poor, I desire a husband who is in your
own sphere."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Do you not remember the wild,
waste lands set apart to you?"

"Yes."

"A miner has discovered a valuable
lead and silver mine upon those lands,
has sent by me a proposition to you to
give you one hundred thousand dollars
for half the tract."

Helen could hardly believe her ears,
yet Warren convinced her of the truth.
"I could not hold you to your be-
trothal vows made when we were equal.
You are now free, and can choose any
self or whomsoever you may for a hus-
band."

For an answer she threw her arms
about his neck and wept for joy.

Mr. Layman, who had an eye to
business, at once began suit against
Judge Arnold for false imprisonment,
in the name of his client. The judge
who was alarmed, offered to compro-
mise the matter by paying the Plaintiff
back to Helen.

When Helen heard of the proceed-
ings she went to Newton and ordered
the suit dismissed, saying:

"I can forgive as I hope to be for-
given."

Nor would she even take the farm by
way of compromise. The Lord had
been good to her, and she would per-
mit the Judge to retain his. Such a noble
nature could not fail to be the subject
of favorable comment all over Sandy
Fork neighborhood. Even Mothers
Tartrum and Grandy sounded her
praises as a "good gal."

Warren Stuart sought a location for
the practice of his profession in a West-
ern country, and, after a year's absence,
he returned to claim his sweet young
bride.

The wedding was a quiet affair.
Our friend, the peddler, was present, he
having insisted upon furnishing the
bride the wedding outfit, which was of
the finest, he said, all wool with fast
colors, not a shoddy thread in "em."

Rev. Allen Blaze officiated.

Helen had disposed of her mining
lands at a fabulous price to those
Western people. The mines only
proved fair, though remunerating the
purchasers.

One more visit to see that the grass
and flowers were growing on the
graves of those she loved, and then,
kissing her many friends adieu, the
young bride left Sandy Fork with her
husband for their new home, made
comfortable by her own wealth and
industry.

Pete, the peddler, sometimes roams
there in his wanderings, and is always
a welcome guest. He disposes of his
pack invariably at the doctor's house,
where it is made into clothes for the
people at the poor-house.

Our story is finished, and if it
should make the burden of even one of
those unfortunate girls who work in
other people's kitchens lighter, we
shall feel that this story has not been
written in vain.

[THE END.]

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Ex-President Arthur was a member
of the Thirteenth Club of New York,
and was the first to die.—N. Y. Trib-
une.

—General Francis A. Walker says at
least seventy-five per cent of the
wealthy people of this country began
their life poor.

—Laura Edgman, the wonderful
blind woman, has returned to the In-
stitute for the Blind at South Boston.
She is fifty-seven years of age.—Boston
Journal.

—A ten-year-old maiden at Rosa
Bank, Md., carried off a prize recently
by repeating eight hundred verses from
the Bible which she had committed to
memory.

—Ferdinand Ward works a small
printing-press at Sing Sing Prison. He
shuns observation and looks nobody in
the eye. He is thin and haggard;
his beard is unkempt, his gait that of
an old man.—N. Y. Mail.

—Preacher Callahan, of Madison,
Ga., lost ten bales of cotton by fire.
His friends are making up a purse for
him, and a local newspaper says that
he deserves it because he is "honest," a
tenant and has nine unmarried daugh-
ters.—Chicago Times.

—When a Mexican girl marries she
simply becomes part of her husband's
estate. For instance, if her name was
Anita Nunez, and she marries a Mr.
Jose, she is then known as Anita Nunez
de Jose, in other words, Jose's Annie,
as Jose's house or other piece of prop-
erty.

—Mr. Brandenburg, of Philadelphia,
will go down to posterity as the owner
of the largest dog in America. Koloss
is a Danish hound, not a pointer, is
nine feet long and five feet high. He
has an immense head and a huge body
of a tawny color, streaked with dark
gray.—Philadelphia Record.

—Crawford, a young lady
homeopathist of Chambersburg, Pa.,
recently administered a public horse-
whipping to a young man who had
"talked about her." The patient in
question was not pleased with her re-
turn to the old-school treatment of
bleeding and blistering.—Philadelphia
Press.

—Erastus Brooks, who died the other
day in New York, was worth more
than a million, wisely guarded against
the lawyers becoming his residuary
legates by dividing his estate among
his children long before his death,
reserving for himself a more com-
petency to secure the comforts due to
age and declining years.—N. Y. Times.

—William I. Bowditch, of Boston,
the administrator of Wendell Phillips'
estate, has a little book which he has
back and corner, in which "Ann and
Wendell Phillips" recorded the money
they gave away. The grand total, in-
clusive of large and small sums, from
1845 to 1870, was \$27,170. And yet
neither of them was wealthy, in the
modern acceptance of the word.—Boston
Herald.

—A tablet in memory of General
McClellan has been erected in St.
Cloud Presbyterian Church, West
Orange, N. J. It is inscribed
"George Briston McClellan, Major
General, U. S. Army, Governor of New
Jersey, Elder of this Church. 'I have
fought the good fight; I have finished
my course; I have kept the faith.' I
of heavy rolled brass set against a
background of black marble.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—An Irishman speaking of a relative
who was ill, said he died during
tight rope performance.—N. Y. Tele-
gram.

—At a negro ball, in lieu of "not
transferable" on the tickets, a notice
was posted on the door: "No gentleman
admitted unless he comes himself."
—N. O. Picayune.

—Regular caller, "I'd like to see
your father, Tommy, if he isn't en-
gaged." "Tommy, he is; but what's
the matter with Clark's?" "He isn't en-
gaged."—London Citizen.

—"Where is the Island of Java situ-
ated?" asked a school teacher of a
small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I
don't know," said the boy, "but I
know where it comes from." "Yes, sir;
it comes from the next door neigh-
bor."—Yale Blade.

A young woman in Eastern Maine
recently lost her husband, and as it was
a rather peculiar case, but we have often heard of a man
committing suicide because he was
"short."—Northwestern Herald.

"What luck did you have, dear?"
asked his wife, as he returned home
from a day's fishing. "Splendid," he
said; "just look at them." Opening
his basket he displayed a lot of sausages.
The butcher who had mixed those baskets
up.—N. Y. Sun.

"Here is a little thing I just dashed
off," said a buxom maiden as she en-
tered the sanctum. The editor was
just about to retire, and as it was a
poetry, when the young lady produced
a beautiful roll of butter. It was ac-
cepted with thanks.—Burlington Free
Press.

"Felix Tramp—Will you oblige me
with a little vinegar and a bit of rag,
madam? I've bristled my heel. Lady
of the House—I'm very sorry, but our
vinegar's all out; wouldn't a little New
England Tramp do you?" "No, madam;
not at all; madam; but I'll try it, and
—never mind the rag.—Puck.

—Scene—Art school. Mrs. Nou-
veau—And is that large picture some
of your works, Popple-Mine? Oh, no,
madam. That is one of the old mas-
ters. Mrs. Nouveau (in an undertone
to her companion)—I don't like to
hear a young man speak so disrespect-
fully of his teachers.—N. Y. Telegram.

"Tom," said an Irishman to his
office boy, "was this lump of ice put in
the water cooler to-day?" "No, sir."

"You did, eh, you rascal? Throw it
out! throw it out! and put in some
fresh ice, and never again try to palm
off a stale article on me!"—N. Y. Mail.


—Elihu—I want a pair of slip-
pers for pa. Number tens, please,
and—sneaky. Genial shoemaker—
Sneaky, miss? I'm afraid we haven't
any that kind. Elihu—I'm so
sorry! Couldn't you make him a
sneaky pair? There is a certain
young gentleman who visits me fre-
quently—and it would be very con-
venient for him to know just when
pa is coming.—Philadelphia Call.

"Did any one drop a half sovereign
last evening?" inquired a man on a Clapham
amateur club, as he rose to
night. Like lightning several men
felt in their pockets and replied in
chorus, "Yes, I did." Then the man
stood so that he could jump off and run
if necessary and said, "Then why don't
you get down and look for it? It's
somewhere one picks it up." And he skipped
out the door.—N. Y. Graphic.

Great : Sacrifice : Sale !
Of the Immense Stock of the late Jno. T. Wright, consisting of the finest line of
Men's, Youth's and Boy's Clothing,
HATS, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES
ever brought to Southern Kentucky. This stock must be closed out at once
Regardless of Cost.
Never again will Clothing be sold at such ruinously LOW PRICES. We have not
the space to name prices, but we will sell you all goods at 25 to 50 per cent.
less than market value. This opportunity is yours, such another
may never occur, so come at once and see for yourself.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
Late Stand of Jno. T. Wright, Dec'd.
GLASS' CORNER,
OUR GREAT
Overcoat Slaughter
Commences Thursday Morning.

SOUTH CHRISTIAN.
GARETTSBURG, KY., Feb. 19.—"It
rains and the wind is never weary."
If it rained every day till the middle
of April, just enough to prevent the
farmers from burning plantbeds, a
opine, it would be best for them for
it would do away with the produc-
tion of the "weed" for one year, and
the next year better prices might
be realized. But the seed's there is the
worst subject in the flock. So I'll
not meddle with it. It's as fleecy as
the clouds.
Our much esteemed young friend
Man Hendrick was in town the 17th.
He was sad and full of despair.
Said his girl had gone back on him
and married another "feller." Dr.
Overall tried to console him by tel-
ling him about "the good folk in the
sky" &c., but Man said none of them
had such a "pretty, pouty mouth as
the one he lost." Line and Willie
would restore your spirits, Man.
Mr. G. P. Allen, of Shelby Ky, Tenn.,
spent a few days with relatives and
friends here this week. Uncle
George looks young for 77, but "Itu-
bin" looks jaded.
Mrs. Knox Oldham is visiting the
family of Mr. Ira Moss at the old
Willis place.
Mr. Currant gave the young folks
a nice dance night before last.
Among the beautiful and so up-
lifting present may be met in Miss
L. Rives and H. L. one of Lafayette's
most charming daughters, also Miss
N. W. and sister, Miss Clara, and
Miss Carrie Winfree, Miss Harriet,
and Miss L. M. Among the young gen-
tlemen present, were Dr. J. F. Bell, T.
Rieves, Upshaw Buckner, Joe
Quarles, Mack Rieves, Henry Clardy,
—Jeff. Tollerson, John McKnight
and Mr. Rodolph from Herndon, al-
so the light of their bright faces
to enliven the occasion. The string
band from Merritt furnished exquisite
music. All passed off as pleasantly
as circumstances might demand, and
except a little excitement occasioned
by a slight fainting spell, Miss
H. it tripped to long on the fastid-
ious and fell almost exhausted in the
lap of a lady friend who kindly and
sympathetically administered restor-
atives in the form of cold water,
smelling bottles &c., when suffic-
iently restored to speak, Miss H. opened
her languishing eyes and with a sweet
smile looked up into the Matronly
benefactress and said—"Why! Mrs.
B. why did you not bathe my heated
brow and hold the ammonia near my
temple? To be sure, I have been so
swooning you know, John McK said
he wished he had been an M. D. for
this would have been such a fine op-
portunity for the display of his "af-
fectional" abilities.
Luke Allen owns a jumping horse,
he's a regular sky scraper. He was
caught a day or two since in a neigh-
bor's wheat field; and the next morn-
ing Luke in passing, was both aston-
ished and alarmed in reading posted
upon a tree in one corner of said field
the following significant, "Notice"—
"Whoever lows his horse to jump in-
to my field will have his tale cut off
immediately by me."
[Signed]
Luke was so seriously affected by
the announcement of so fundamental
a threat, so pointedly and publicly
expressed that he copied in his mem-
orandum book the equivalent "Notice"
and brought it to me for consultation.
After cogitating for sometime upon
all the medical, surgical and legal
points involved, I solemnly ad-
vised him, in case the threat embod-
ied in the "Notice" should be executed,
to quit farming at once and go into a
retail store.
S. Q. LATIUS.
"Helpless Case."
I have been given up by my friends
and physician as a hopeless case of
Consumption. Have found nothing
that gives as much and speedy relief
as Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I have
taken it for several weeks and I feel
better than I have for years. I am
able to get down and look for it. It
somewhere one picks it up." And he
skipped out the door.—N. Y. Graphic.

W. G. WHEELER. W. H. FAXON, Book-Keeper. JOHN N. MILLS.
Wheeler, Mills & Co.,
Tobacco Warehousemen, Commission Merchants
AND GRAIN DEALERS,
—Fire-Proof— Warehouse,
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dec 14. J. K. GANT, Salesman.
NAT GAITHER, Manager. **Gant & Gaither Company,**
—PROPRIETORS—
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RAILROAD STREET, Bet 10th and 11th.
Careful Attention given to sampling and selling all Tobacco consigned to u
LIBERAL ADVANCES ON TOBACCO IN STORE.
GOOD QUARTERS FOR TEAMS AND TEAMSTERS.
Nov. 12.
T. Herndon. C. R. Hallums. J. T. Edwards. Tom. P. Major.
Herndon, Hallums & Co.,
(Successors to HERNDON, YOUNG & CO.)
TOBACCO - - SALESMEN,
GRANGE WAREHOUSE,
Clarksville, - - Tennessee.
Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible
farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of
owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders
not to insure.
11-30.

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

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HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Office Cor. 9th and Main.

A. P. Campbell,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
OPERATING A SPECIALTY.
Office over M. Frankel & Sons'.

R. R. Bourne,
DENTIST.
Office His Professional Services to the
P. M.
Office Up-Steps over Bank of Hop-
kinsville, Cor. 8th and Main Sts.
Hopkinsville, - - Ky.

Dr. I. N. Vaughan,
DENTIST.
OFFICE: South Main St., One Square
From Phoenix Hotel, Near
Dr. Hild's Office.
HOPKINSVILLE, - KY.

Dr. G. E. Medley
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Offers his Professional Services to the
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North Main Street, Hop.

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Physician and Surgeon,
HOPKINSVILLE, - KENTUCKY.
Office on Court St. Residence on Main.

T. R. Bellamy,
Job Brick Layer
MANTEL AND GRATE SETTING
A SPECIALTY.
Residence North Main Street
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Jan-ly

BETHEL
Female College.
A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The spring session will open on Monday,
Jan. 18th, 1887, and continue 10 weeks. Right
teachers. Terms moderate. For catalogue
or information apply to
J. W. RUST,
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Andrew Hall,
DEALER IN
Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
AND LIME.
COR. VIRGINIA AND EIGHT
STREETS,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Nov. 1-17.

New Barber Shop!
YOUNG & BANKS, PROPS.
E. NINTH ST. NEAR MAIN.
SHAVING, SHAMPOONING,
HAIR-CUTTING
All done in the Latest Fashion and Satisfac-
tion Guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels
used.
-INSURE WITH-
AUSTIN D. HICKS
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.
Office: over Bank of Hopkinsville.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

A negro running a "perambulating
show," and dispensing strictly
"straight" goods in the streets of At-
lanta, Ga., has fallen into the clutches
of the law.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

**The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.**

BY JOHN R. MEACHAM.
AUTHOR OF "THE BAKER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALTER BROWDER," ETC.

(Copyright, 1886, by J. N. Kilday Newspaper Co.)
CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"We are now willing, your Honor,"
said Mr. Layman, "to risk this case
with you."

The justice was smiling a smile
which was rather dangerous to the
prosecution.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "this
certainly puts a new feature on the
case. I shall be compelled to discharge
the defendant."

Mrs. Arnold, to her credit be it said,
arose and was first to grasp Helen's
hand and congratulate her.

"Helen, my dear, forgive us for the
great wrong we have done you."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Arnold, for I, too,
have done you a wrong by accusing
you, in my mind, of knowingly per-
secuting me."

"I think that you all owe me a forgive-
ness, or a good kicking," I'm not certain
which," said Pete, lighting his pipe.
"It seems it all grew out of one of my
blunders. But I kin now sell you cal-
cium, phosphorus and sweetest goods cheap
enough to make amends for it all."

At this moment Clarence burst into
the room.

"Squire!" he cried, "this girl must
go to our house. Her father is dy-
ing."

"She is at liberty to go where she
pleases. She is discharged," said the
justice.

"Let me take her," said Warren.

"Warren! What are you here for?"
cried Clarence. "Great goodness, but
this is lucky."

"Did you bring your horse and buggy?"
"Yes."

Warren then spoke a word to Helen,
whose pale face grew sad. She took
his arm, and they left the court room.
All defiance left the face of Helen Ar-
nold as she saw Helen led triumphantly
away by Warren Stuart.

CHAPTER XXIV.
CONCLUSIONS.

Warren and Helen spoke but few
words on the drive. They both felt
that it was a "dreadful scene" of
death, and both were uttering silent
prayers for strength to bear up under
the coming trial.

The old farm house is in sight. Rose
stands at the gate looking patiently
down the long road. She evinces no
change of feeling as she sees Helen and
Helen's face shows traces of weeping.

The father meets them at the door.
No word is spoken, but they are con-
ducted at once to the chamber of
death.

Mrs. Stuart arises from the bed where
she has just completed the sad task of
straightening out the limbs and
closing the eyes forever.

The hired girl pauses by the bed-side,
and gazes for a moment on the sweet
face of her little dead brother. There
is a smile upon his face, and Mrs.
Stuart says the last words he uttered
were: "Yes, mother, I come—I come!"

Tears again flow down Helen's cheeks;
they were not the tears of despair, but
sadness and joy.

He suffers no longer. He had gone
to the world of eternal peace and
youth. He was now in the arms of his
mother, in that Celestial City not made
with hands.

Was this death? No, though we call
it death. A change is a far better
term. Was this an act of Providence?
We poor, short-sighted mortals are apt
to criticize the doings of Almighty God.

The language of Job was in Helen's
mind.

"Is there not an appointed time for
man upon earth? Are not his days also
like the days of a shadow? As a servant
earnestly desires the shadow, and as a
hiredling looketh for the reward of his
work," Job VII, 1st and 2d.

"Of a man, die, shall he live again?
All the days of my appointed time will
I wait till my change come," Job XIV,
14th.

"Yes, little Amos, did live again. His
change had come, and her heart told
her it was better for him."

For an answer she threw her arms
about his neck and wept for joy.

Mr. Layman, who had an eye to
business, at once began to speak
against Judge Arnold for false imprisonment
in the name of his client. The judge
who was alarmed, offered to compromise
the matter by ordering the plumber
farm back to Helen.

When Helen heard of the proceed-
ings she went to Newton and ordered
the suit dismissed, saying:

"I can forgive as I hope to be for-
given."

Now would she even take the farm by
way of compromise. The Low had
been good to her, and she would per-
mit the Judge to retain it. Such a sub-
ject could not fail to be the subject
of favorable comment all over Sandy
Fork neighborhood. Even Mothers
Taturn and Griddy sounded her
praises as a "good gal."

Warren Stuart sought a location for
the practice of his profession in a West-
ern county, and, after a year's absence,
he returned to claim his sweet young
bride.

The wedding was a quiet affair.
Our friend, the peddler, was present,
he having insisted upon furnishing the
bride the wedding outfit, which was of
the finest, he said, all wool with fast
colors, not a shoddy thread in 'em."

Rev. Allen officiated.

Helen had disposed of her mining
lands at a fabulous price to those
Western people. The mines only
proved fair, though remunerating the
purchasers.

One more visit to see that the grass
and flowers were growing on the
graves of those she loved, and then,
kissing her many friends adieu, the
young bride led Sandy Fork with her
husband for their new home, made
comfortable by her own wealth and
industry.

Pete, the peddler, sometimes roams
in his wanderings, and is always
a welcome guest. He disposes of his
pack invariably at the doctor's house,
where it is made into clothes for the
people at the poor-house.

Our story is finished, and if it
should make the burden of even one of
those unfortunate girls who work in
other people's kitchens lighter, we
shall feel that this story has not been
written in vain.

[THE END.]



DEATH OF AMOS.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart did all they
could to console poor Helen. Brother
Blaze, the minister, came.

Oh, what a world of consolation is a
good pastor in the hour of sorrow and
death. Who can speak such words of
comfort as the man of God?

"Suffer little children to come unto
me and forbid them not, for of such is
the Kingdom of Heaven," he said to the
fair mourner.

Mrs. Arnold and her husband sent
good wishes of comfort to Helen,
but deemed it best not to attend the
funeral. Pete, the peddler, came, and
offered the best of his stock for burial
clothes. Rose Stuart was Helen's dearest
comforter, not even excepting War-
ren, who found himself placed in such a
strange position that he could offer but
little satisfaction. The only satisfac-
tion Clarence had, was that he had
thrashed Bill Jones, "the destroyer of
that child's life."

The funeral was set for an early day.

Rev. Blaze took for his text "The
Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away;
blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sermon was not noted for elo-
quence or rhetoric, but it was full of
hope and cheer. He did not, as many
ministers do, preach all round the sub-
ject, but right at it. He said the body
lying before him was only the casket
which had contained little Amos, but
that he had left this frail tenement of
clay, and was now with his parents in
the eternal home where night never
comes. There was no cause for weep-
ing, it was the change of which Job
spoke. That which was our loss was
his eternal gain, and yet as selfish mor-
tals we could not but shed tears and
long for the society of the departed.

His closing remarks about the final
meeting upon the shores of the better
land, where friends and relatives among
that angel band would greet us with
loud hosannas, was so stirring as to
cause many sobs of tender sympathy
and hope, and there we would find the
little boy no longer a cripple, but one of
the fairest and brightest of all that an-
gelic host.

When the sermon (which was
preached in the school-house) was
over, the pall-bearers, six bright little
boys, carried the coffin out, and it was
placed in the hearse. Then a long
string of vehicles, persons on horse

back and on foot followed it to the
neighborhood burying-ground, where
the father and mother of the child were
buried. There he was laid away by
their side to rest till the resurrection
morn.

Helen returned home with Rose. She
as yet knew nothing of the discovery
on her wild lands, and of the good
fortune which was about to befall her.
Supposing herself still poor and de-
pendent upon her labor, she, the next
morning after the funeral, announced
her intention of once more going out
into the world to seek employment.

Warren asked her to come with him
to the parlor, and when alone he said:

"Helen, a few weeks ago we were
brothered in the sight of Heaven, I loved
you then, I love you ten times more
now, but I am free, and I have a propo-
sition to make to you. I have finished
my course; I have kept the faith." It
is of heavy rolled brass set against a
background of black marble.

"A tablet in memory of General
McClellan has been erected in St.
Clow's Presbyterian Church. West
Orange, N. J. It is inscribed
"George Brinton McClellan, Major
General, U. S. A., Governor of New
Jersey, Elder of this Church. I have
fought the good fight; I have finish-
ed my course; I have kept the faith." It
is of heavy rolled brass set against a
background of black marble.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

An Irishman speaking of a relative
who was hanged, said he died during a
tight rope performance. - N. Y. Tele-
graph.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "not
transferable" on the tickets, a notice
was posted on the door: "No gentleman
admitted unless he comes himself." -
N. O. Picayune.

"Where is the last of Java situated?"
asked a school teacher of a small,
rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno,
sir," said the boy. "Don't you know
where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir;
it comes from the next door neighbor-
hood." - Louisville Blade.

A young woman in Eastern Maine
cries by the hour because she is tall.

"This is a rather peculiar case,"
said we have heard of a man
committing suicide because he was
"short." - Norristown Herald.

"What luck did you have, dear?"
asked his wife, as he returned home
from a day's fishing. "Splendid," he
said, "I caught a school of cod fish."
The butcher had mixed those baskets
up. - N. Y. Sun.

"Here is a little thing I just dashed
off," said a young man as he en-
tered the sanctum. The editor was
just about to state that he didn't use
poetry, when the young lady produced
a beautiful roll of butter. It was ac-
cepted with thanks. - Burlington Free
Press.

"Polite Tramp—Will you oblige me
with a little vinegar and a bit of rag,
madam? I've bruised my heel. Lady
of the House—I'm very sorry, but my
wheels is a little New England road
as well as well? Tramp—I don't
know, madam; but I'll try it, and
—never mind the rag.—Pack.

Scene—Art school. Mrs. Nou-
veau (to her pupil, Mrs. Nouveau):
"What is that one of the old mas-
ters. Mrs. Nouveau (in an undertone
to her companion)—I don't like to
say, but I think it is a very good
copy of your work." - N. Y. Telegram.

"You," said an Irishman to his
office boy, "was this lump of ice put in
the water cooler to-day?" "No, sir,"
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over from last evening, and as it was a large
lump, I thought it would answer."

"You did, oh, you rascal! Throw it
out! throw it out! and put in some
fresh ice, an' never again try to palm
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Ethelberta—I want a pair of slip-
pers for a. Number ten, please,
and—sneaky. Genial shoemaker—
Sneaky, miss? I'm afraid we haven't
any of that kind. Ethelberta—I'm so
sorry! Couldn't you make him a
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young gentleman who visits me fre-
quently, and—well, it would be very
convenient for him to know just when
he is coming. - Philadelphia Call.

"Did any one drop a half sov-
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felt in their pockets and replied in
chorus, "Yes, I did." Then the man
stood so that he could jump off and run
if necessary, and said, "Then why don't
you get down and look for it before
some one picks it up." And he skipped
out the car. - N. Y. Graphic.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Ex-President Arthur was a mem-
ber of the Thirteenth Club of New York,
and was the first to die. - N. Y. Tri-
bune.

—General Francis A. Walker says at
least seventy-five per cent. of the
wealthy people of this country began
mature life poor.

—Laura Bridgman, the wonderful
blind woman, has returned to the In-
stitute for the Blind at South Boston.
She is fifty-seven years of age. - Boston
Journal.

—A ten-year-old maiden at Rose
Bank, Md., carried off a prize recently
by repeating eight hundred verses from
the Bible which she had committed to
memory.

—Ferdinand Ward works a small
printing-press at Sing Sing Prison. He
shuns observation and looks nobody in
the eye. He is thin and haggard;
his hair is white, and he has the gait
of an old man. - N. Y. Mail.

—Preacher Callahan, of Madison,
Ga., lost ten bales of cotton by fire.
His friends are making up a purse for
him, and a local newspaper says that
he deserves it because he is "honest, a
tenant and has nine unmarried daugh-
ters." - Chicago Times.

—When a Mexican girl marries she
simply becomes part of her husband's
estate. For instance, if her name was
Anita Nunez, she marries a Mr. Jose,
she is then known as Anita Nunez de
Jose, in other words, Jose's Annie, as
Jose's house or other piece of prop-
erty.

—Mr. Brandenburg, of Philadelphia,
will go down to posterity as the owner
of the largest dog in America. Koloss
is a Danish hound of noble ancestry,
is nine feet long and five feet high. He
has an immense head and a huge body
of a tawny color, streaked with dark
gray. - Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Crawford, a young lady
homopathist of Chambersburg, Pa.,
recently administered a public horse-
whipping to a young man who had
"talked about her." The patient in
this case was not pleased with her re-
turn to the old-school treatment of
bleeding and blistering. - Philadelphia
Press.

—Ernest Brooks, who died the other
day in New York with something more
than a million, wisely granted against
the lawyers becoming his residuary
legatees by dividing his estate among
his children long before his death,
reserving for himself a mere com-
petency to secure the comforts due to
age and declining years. - N. Y. Times.

—William I. Bowditch, of Boston,
the administrator of Wendell Phillips'
estate, has a little book with leather
back and corners, which Wendell
Phillips recorded the money they
gave away. The grand total, in-
clusive of large and small sums, from
1845 to 1874, was \$64,710. And yet
all this was done in a few years, in
modern acceptance of the word. - Bos-
ton Herald.

A tablet in memory of General
McClellan has been erected in St.
Clow's Presbyterian Church. West
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Great : Sacrifice : Sale !

Of the Immense Stock of the late Jno. T. Wright, consisting of the finest line of

Men's, Youth's and Boy's Clothing,
HATS, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to Southern Kentucky. This stock must be closed out at once

Regardless of Cost.

Never again will Clothing be sold at such ruinously LOW PRICES. We have not
the space to name prices, but we will sell you all goods at 25 to 50 per cent.
less than market value. This opportunity is yours, such another
may never occur, so come at once and see for yourself.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
Late Stand of Jno. T. Wright, Dec'd.

GLASS' CORNER,

OUR GREAT

Overcoat Slaughter

Commences Thursday Morning.

SOUTH CHRISTIAN.

GARRETTSBURG, Ky., Feb. 19.—"It
rains and the wind is never weary."

If it rained every day till the middle
of April, just enough to prevent the
farmers from burning plantings, I
think it would be best for them for
the time being.

The "Weed" for one year, and the
next year better prices might
be realized. But the (we) other is the
worst subject in the flock. So I'll
not meddle with it. It is as fleecy as
the clouds.

Our much esteemed young friend
Man Hendrick was in town the 17th.

He was sad and full-of-despair—
said his girl had gone back on him
and married another "feller." Dr.
Overall tried to console him by tell-
ing him about "the good fish in the
sea" &c., but Man said "none of them
had any brains, and I don't want
any of them." Line and Willie
Word will restore your spirits, Man.

Mr. G. P. Allen, of Shoo Fly, Tenn.,
spent a few days with relatives and
friends here this week. Uncle
George looks young for 77, but "Uncle
bin" looks jaded.

Mrs. Knox Oldham is visiting the
family of Mr. Ira Moss at the old
Villa place.

Mr. Currant gave the young folks
a nice dance night before last.
Among the beautiful and a co. up-
laid ladies present I may mention
Miss L. Rives and H. R. one of Lafayette's
most charming daughters, also, Miss
N. W. and sister, Miss Clardy, Miss
Carrie Winfree, Miss Radford, and
Miss L. M. Among the young gentle-
men present, were Dr. J. F. Bell, T.
Rieve, Ephraim Buckner, Joe
Quarles, Mack Rives, Henry Clardy,
Jeff. Tolerson, John McKnight
and Mr. Rudolph, from Herndon, al-
so, the light of their bright faces
to enliven the occasion. The string
band from Herndon furnished exqui-
site music. All passed off as pleasantly
as a summer's night. Dr. am, save
and except a little excitement occa-
sioned by a slight fainting spell. Miss
H. it tripped to long on the festal
floor and fell almost exhausted in the
lap of a lady friend, who kindly and
sympathetically administered restor-
atives in the form of cold water,
smelling bottles &c., when suffi-
ciently restored to speak, Miss H.
opened her laughing eyes and with a
sweet smile looked up to the Matronly
benefactress and said—"Why! Mrs.
B. why did you not allow your son,
the young Dr., to bathe my heated
brow and hold the ammonia near my
pallid lips? It would have been so
something, you know, John McK
said he wished he had been an M. D. for
this would have been such a fine op-
portunity for the display of his "af-
fectional" abilities.

Luke Allen owns a jumping horse,
he's a regular sky scraper. He was
caught a day or two since in a neigh-
bor's wheat-field; and the next morn-
ing Luke in passing, was both aston-
ished and alarmed in reading posted
upon a tree in one corner of said field
the following significant, "Notice"—
"Whoever lows his horse to jump in-
to my feed will have his tale cut off
intelligently by me."

[Signed]

Luke was so seriously affected by
the announcement of so fundamental
a threat, so pointedly and publicly
expressed that he copied in his mem-
orandum book the equivocal "Notice"
and brought it to me for consultation.
After cogitating for sometime upon
all the medical, surgical and legal
lore I had ever read, I solemnly ad-
vised him, in case the threat embod-
ied in the "Notice" should be executed,
to quit farming at once and go into a
retail store.

S. Q. LAPIUS.

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN
18 AND 20 NINTH STREET,
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch one time, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$8.00; twelve months, \$15.00.
One column one time, \$2.00; one week, \$3.00; six months, \$16.00; twelve months, \$30.00.
For further information apply for card of rates.

Special local 60 cents per line for each insertion; among reading matter 30 cents per line. Extra notices over 20 lines, reductions of space, announcements of festivals, concrete at all entertainments when an admission fee is charged, 5 cents per line for each insertion.

Cheap Club Rates.

Subscribers to the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will be given the benefit of the following cheap club rates with other papers and periodicals:	
1. Weekly Commercial Journal.....	\$12.00
2. Farmers Home Journal.....	3.00
3. Home and Farm.....	3.00
4. Daily S. Y. World.....	3.00
5. Semi-Weekly.....	3.00
6. Weekly World.....	3.00
7. N. Y. Sun.....	3.00
8. N. Y. Living Age.....	3.00
9. Toledo Blade.....	3.00
10. Kansas Traveler.....	3.00
11. Detroit Free Press.....	3.00
12. People's Sun.....	3.00
13. Peterson's Magazine.....	3.00
14. The People's Monthly.....	3.00
15. Outlook.....	3.00
16. Youth's Companion, Boston.....	3.00
17. Harper's Magazine.....	3.00
18. Harper's Weekly.....	3.00
19. Harper's Bazar.....	3.00
20. Young People.....	3.00

BEVERLY.

BEVERLY, Ky., Feb. 19.—Mrs. Geo. Major is visiting friends in your city. Miss Rebecca Jones, a daughter of the late county's fair, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. E. D. Jones, who has the reputation of being the most successful tobacco grower in South Christian, sold several hundred pounds of tobacco on the Hopkinsville market, last week, at an average of 3½ cents per pound.

M. E. Han has leased the residence and large store building at the corner of Mrs. J. V. Metcalf. He is having the store-house repaired and painted, which will add greatly to the appearance of our little village.

The residence of Mr. E. L. Stegar took fire from a defective flue one night this week, and came very near being totally destroyed. Damages about \$500, fully covered by insurance.

Hon. James Davis denies being on the Republican committee, and asks us to correct the report. It is a colored James Davis whose honor is to be on the Republican committee from this precinct.

A very respectable colored man by the name of Beverly Fleming informs us that he had tobacco in a market warehouse and that when he went to see it he was led to the door like an ox and roughly informed that "niggers" were not allowed in there. Whether this is true or not, it is nevertheless going the rounds among the colored folks and causing much indignation among them. Colored folks have as good a right to see their products sold as the whites, and we cannot blame them for resenting this base insult. Go take your tobacco to Hopkinsville and we will guarantee that you will not be treated like an ox when you go to see it sold. Oh! that prospective bride! Have you seen her? We have, and she is a perfect blonde, possessed of wit and beauty more liberally than that of any assiduous husband, and the arrow of a savage African. The groom to be is none of your will-o'-the-wisp sort, but a matter-of-fact, sober and industrious gentleman with almighty love resting and resting in his bosom. This wedding will not come off for some weeks, but we will continue to give pointers occasionally. There are divers opinions as to who these parties are, in a large measure, remains in the dark so far. So guess again, and probably I will give names next week.

"One look" Radford says he is going to erect a court house on his lot here, and dedicated to Capt. J. D. Jones. We will make preparations for a boom when this court house is done. The echo answers when?

—L. Huston E.

NEWSTEAD.

NEWSTEAD, Ky., Feb. 19.—We are sorry that but little happens in our neighborhood worthy of mention. The usual routine of life with its arduous duties has a tendency to render things too monotonous for anything like a letter to a newspaper. But thanks to one more effort to depart from life's routine, and many thanks to the kindness and splendid hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stowe, at whose house the young people of the community were so highly entertained on the evening of the 14th. The guests that were assembled were composed of our best people, and from your city came, as we believe, more than specimens of the beauty and accomplishments for which Hopkinsville has so long been noted. To wit: Miss Kate Starling and Miss Sophia Rossington, their manner, their winning traits have deeply impressed them upon all with whom they have come in contact. After the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rossington.

The A. & T. railroad has arrived at I. B. shop and the people are happy.

—Rusticus.

What a Doctor Related.

To a reporter of the Kalamazoo, Mich., Telegraph, Dr. Franconie, the well-known veterinary surgeon, related in the spring of 1883, while handling some carbolic acid which I was about to use for some purpose in the practice of my profession, I accidentally spilled some of it on my left leg, between the ankle and the knee. Well, sir, I didn't think of its being any very severe injury at the time, though it made quite a painful wound; but I had a terrible time with that leg. On the place where it was burned with the acid there came a running sore which never left me for three years, and which might have been there yet if I hadn't used carbolic acid. It was a serious matter and was very painful at times. It was a great inconvenience to me in my business, for a man to be a successful veterinary surgeon must be both active and muscular. Well, it was queer, but I couldn't find anything that would cure that sore. I submitted to the treatment of a number of physicians in turn, and tried various remedies, both standard and empirical, in which I had considerable confidence. But I got no better. After suffering great pain and pecuniary loss for three years, I concluded to try myself. I told you I was rather discouraged, but last spring I began taking S. S. S. and felt better right off. After using six bottles, averaging a bottle every seven or eight days, I was cured up. That leg was all right, and it has never bothered me a bit since. I am kind of ashamed of that medicine, but I have good reasons to

be. I can't say too much for it, almost believe it would cure anything. I have heard a great deal of what it has done, but you see this instance of which I have told you is a cure of which I had personal and positive knowledge.

Treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Sherman Tex., is to erect a new jail to cost \$25,000.

PITH AND POINT.

"Silence may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaire out of a miser."—Philadelphia Call.

"A young lady teacher in the Seward public schools felt heir to \$20,000. Her name was again at last accounts—Goulds Republic."—

"What time did John go away last night, Mary Ann?" "It was a quarter of twelve, father." "Three," she said to herself, "was a quarter of twelve." "A New Yorker shot at his wife, but the bullet hit nothing but her hair. It is very hard to get at the exact boundaries of a woman nowadays."—Ocala Watchman.

"I'm 'frail of the dark!' said baby, snuggling up to mamma one night. 'Why?' asked mamma. 'Cause it comes so close to me.'—Youth's Companion.

"It is said that William D. Howells collects material for his novels by shopping with his wife. Few authors secure sufficient money return from their novels to adopt this expensive mode of collecting material."—Norristown Herald.

Get a name to coal dealer—Have you any names for those of yours?" "Yes, a heart of coal has a name." "Well, you ought to call your scales ambush. You see they are always lying in wait."—Texas Siftings.

"A correspondent wishes to know 'how to get of a fool.' Procure a loaded gun, put your mouth over the muzzle and touch the trigger with your toe. The bullet should be swallowed whole."—Burlington Free Press.

"Jones—I would not be surprised at anything. Smithers—Not if an angel were to appear? Jones—Well, that might astonish me a little. 'A female angel, for instance?' 'Female angel? There ain't any no kind, no much.'—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"An instrument has been invented called a ptychograph, which measures the expenditure of mental force in thinking. A man in financial difficulties, who has a note to meet, will, it is estimated, wear out two ptychographs a day."—Boston Courier.

"Two young women were gazing in a shop window. Said one, 'Isn't it a love of a bonnet!' I'm tempted to buy it, even if it is expensive. Said the other, 'No, don't do it, you are too excited now. You would be sure to regret it to-morrow morning.'—N. Y. Sun.

Calino received a letter from Madagascari. It is dated from Manjakalafanabana. "Why do they use such long names?" asks one of his friends. "Because," replied Calino, "it is a country where there is nothing in particular to do, and they say two or three words to kill the time."—N. Y. Graphic.

LONG MEMORY.

Why a Veteran of the Creek War Failed to Get a Pat Pension.

While Colonel Bill Peterson, of Arkansas, was running for Congress, an old fellow named Flowsery approached him and said:

"Well, you know, Bill, if you are elected will you do me a favor?"

"Well, of course I will, what is it?"

"Well, you see, I fought in the Creek war, and as everybody else is getting a pension it strikes me that I ought to get a few dollars occasionally."

"Yes of course you should," taking out his memorandum book and making a note of the request, he said to him as I go to Washington I'll investigate the matter."

"Flowsery waited anxiously but heard nothing of his pension. His friends advised him to test the case, as the Government could not be hurried. Two years passed. Flowsery came home, having announced of himself as a candidate for re-election. Flowsery asked him in just as solemn a tone in the court house yard to address his fellow citizens. The orator had spoken but a few sentences when Bill called out:

"Hello, Bill!"

"Why, how are you, Flowsery?"

"Say, Bill, what about that pension? I haven't got a nickel yet. Didn't tell to do, did you?"

"Oh, yes. I'll see you privately after awhile."

Flowsery's mind: see me right now. Why didn't you tell me the money?"

"Lovely, I tell you that I'll see you in private."

"Yes, I understand you. You want me to take a drink with you and call it a treat."

"No, I don't. You'd better wait."

"I'll be damned if I do. Spit it right out now, or I'll make you regret it for forty years ago. Huh! wouldn't I be damned if I do. I've been waiting two years and have been in talking on up all the time, and I'll be damned if I'm going to wait any longer, so spit it out now and let all those here folks know that you've done your best back on your word."

"All right, Flowsery. I put in your claim and after the matter had been investigated, it was found that you were a deserter."

Flowsery took off his hat, scratched his head and replied:

"Well, dad him, it ain't they forget that yet? Well, Bill, that was more than forty years ago. Huh! wouldn't I be damned if I do. I've been waiting two years and have been in talking on up all the time, and I'll be damned if I'm going to wait any longer, so spit it out now and let all those here folks know that you've done your best back on your word."

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"It is said that no naturalist has ever yet satisfactorily explained how combs of corn become red."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Give the cows this winter warmed water, if you can.—N. E. Farmer.

To clean black cloth or silk, sponge with warm water or coffee and a little ammonia; iron on the wrong side; if the silk is thin add a little sugar to the water or coffee.—Christian at Work.

Silver cake: One-half cup of butter, two cups powdered sugar, three cups of flour, one cup raisins, whites of four eggs, one scant teaspoonful of soda and two heaping ones of cream tartar or three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder.—The Caterer.

—Soft cookies: Take two cupsful of thin cream, two cupsful of sugar, three eggs, caraway or not, as you like, flour sufficient to make it thick as pan-cakes, then mix the whole with a spoonful of soda and two heaping ones of cream tartar or three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder.—The Caterer.

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FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

(Godey's Lady's Book.)

Very close about the wrists are the new linen cuffs.

In the new dresses the seams of the waist are whiteblossom.

Postilion backs, pointed fronts and short sides are seen on basques.

A pretty ornament for a lady's chain is a scent bottle of glass with gold top enamelled in rosebuds.

All shades of brown are fashionable, and bronze-brown is held in high favor for evening gown combinations.

White lace is to supersede the cream trim for long fashionable for trimming gowns and for neck wear.

Picot edged ribbons, doubled and plaited are worn in ruching, they are not however generally considered becoming.

For tall and slight figures skirts are made with wide or narrow plaits and short drapery.

English gowns are made in several simply style, but are exquisitely fitted and well sewed.

Ribbon remains in favor for trimming gowns and is used for sashes, belts, bows and loops. The more delicate can be put on the more fashionable.

Pelisses of gray plush, lined with pink, are coming in vogue for babies' wear. The hood must match the pelisse, and the feet with soft pink satin strings.

Velvetene, corduroy, and cordereine are all much worn as jackets, revers, cuffs and collars of soft wool gowns. In some of the shades they are very attractive.

The narrow plating at the bottom of the skirt is not altogether of but it is not seen upon all the latest gowns, used in fancy braids or of the goods set on in the same manner.

Watteau materials have flower stripes alternating with plush stripes in different colors for evening wear.

In the shades of the dress, and of the same shade is carried out, the ground being faillie française, with dark figured plush stripes.—Godey's Lady's Book.

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THE ESCULENT POTATO.

Thoughts Suggested by the Ter-Centenary of its Introduction into England.

The potato is of honored lineage and reputable descent. This esculent, far-named tuber has a name and a fame that have gone round the world. Wherever it is known, and it is known everywhere, it is recognized as the best of food for both rich and poor, and is welcomed alike to the table of the prince and peasant.

The history is the story of undoubted American lineage, and yet it was popularly, though improperly, christened after the land of the Ottoman because of the fallacious fancy that it found its first home and successful introduction into polite society in the Sultan's dominions. In something of the same way the potato came to have the credit of its birth in the wrong hemisphere. It has been generally credited to Ireland, and to this day even well-informed persons make the distinction between the sweet potato and the "Irish potato." The fact is, both fowl and plant are true-born native Americans and never required naturalization here.

Few of the long-cultivated plants, especially of the kitchen-garden, have an origin and a history as clear as the potato. The Spaniards carried the conquest of Central and South America, composed of campaigns marked by their greed of gold and a cruelty almost without a parallel, were the means of introducing into Europe knowledge of the then almost unknown American continent, and of taking back across the main many plants, animals and articles of domestic use new to the denizens of the older hemisphere. These rovers found the potato in the neighborhood of Quito, and directed that it had long been raised by the simple-minded natives who had received it and the method of its cultivation from their fathers. The Spanish armies were accompanied by the potato, and the name of one of these named Cardan is reputed to have been the first to introduce the potato into Spain.

However, the English history of the potato to which attention is here directed. A high authority ascribes the introduction of the popular tuber into England to John Hawkins, about 1565. This is the opinion of a navigator who laid the foundation for the slave trade in which so many lordly families in England grew rich. Others identify the plant with the English people because so arched through the agitation of Wilberforce and his co-workers that the Government was compelled to stop to the traffic. Other authorities identify the plant with Hawkins and Drake took to the Kingdom of the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, with the sweet potato. In 1580 potato tubers were sent from North Carolina and Virginia to Ireland. These specimens were taken by returning colonists who had been sent out to America by Sir Walter Raleigh. There can be no doubt that that nobleman was the first to have the potato cultivated there, and his estate near Cork is noted as the place where this was done. Thus it is seen that the potato became inseparably connected with the potato. The beginning of the popular favor accorded this new article of food is not known. As early as 1587, as is 1587 the potato had assumed such importance that it was not unfrequently mentioned by the writers of that period.

For some period the potato has been planted and popularized in every civilized country. Three centuries of culture have worked wonders, but of the multitude of varieties that have been produced all have the characteristics of the original taken from Carolina soil. With the years it has continued to grow in favor, and is in more general use now than ever before.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Are You Going to Kansas Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?

If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, the only direct line from the South to the West and Northwest. This line runs its entire train, with Pullman Sleeping Cars and free Reclining Chair Cars, from Memphis to Kansas City, leaving every morning over and over other route. If you are going you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this route; mailed free.

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What the People of the World's Metropolis Eat and Drink Every Day.

Rome has not so many Roman Catholics as London. Dublin is not so Scotchmen; and Jews! why all Judea has not one-tenth as many, and it grows every day. Every four minutes makes a birth—even while I spend two hours in writing this thirty babies will have been born and twenty deaths will have taken place. You think of it; the evening paper that records the births and the deaths of the preceding hour and two hours, and gives you separate items. Verily its joys and sorrows are a multitude. Its streets. It is 3,600 miles journey from New York to London, but it takes but a few minutes to get to London. Edinburgh, London, and Jerusalem! why all Judea has not one-tenth as many, and it grows every day. Every four minutes makes a birth—even while I spend two hours in writing this thirty babies will have been born and twenty deaths will have taken place. You think of it; the evening paper that records the births and the deaths of the preceding hour and two hours, and gives you separate items. Verily its joys and sorrows are a multitude. Its streets. It is 3,600 miles journey from New York to London, but it takes but a few minutes to get to London. Edinburgh, London, and Jerusalem! why all Judea has not one-tenth as many, and it grows every day. Every four minutes makes a birth—even while I spend two hours in writing this thirty babies will have been born and twenty deaths will have taken place. You think of it; the evening paper that records the births and the deaths of the preceding hour and two hours, and gives you separate items. Verily its joys and sorrows are a multitude. Its streets. It is 3,600 miles journey from New York to London, but it takes but a few minutes to get to London. Edinburgh, London, and Jerusalem! why all Judea has not one-tenth as many, and it grows every day. Every four minutes makes a birth—even while I spend two hours in writing this thirty babies will have been born and twenty deaths will have taken place